Vpon his party for the gaiue thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards ſide,
To barre my maſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a tweluemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my Maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrours, and ſo fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men els, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare and goe ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels *I*,
Haſt. My L. *I* hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life *I* do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now:
Thinke you but that *I* know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as *I* am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And

And indeede had no cauſ
But yet you ſee how ſoon
This ſudden ſcab of ranco
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a
But come my L. ſhall we
Ha. I go: but ſtay: heare
This day thoſe men you t
Sta. They for their truth
Then ſome that haue acc
But come my L. let vs aw
Ha. Go you before, Ile

Enter H

Haſt. Well met Haſtin
Pur. The better that it
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, t
Then when I met thee la
Then was I going priſone
By the ſuggeſtion of the
But now I tell thee (keep
This day thoſe enemies a
And I in better ſtate then
Pur. God hold it to yo
Haſt. Gramercy Haſtin

He giues hi

Pur. God ſaue your Lo
Haſt. What ſir Iohn, yo
I am beholding to you fo
Come the next Sabboth,

Enter B

Buc. How now Lord C
Your friends at Pomfret
Your Honour hath no ſh
Haſt. Good faith and
Thoſe men you talke of,
What, go you to the To
Buc. I do, but long I ſ
I ſhall returne before you
Haſt. Tis like enough,
Buc. And ſupper too,

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